

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

**ESTATE OF JOSEPH KAPEAU AEA**  
The undersigned having been duly appointed by the Hon. W. J. Robinson, Third Judge of the Circuit Court of the First Circuit, as administratrix of the estate of her husband, the late Joseph Kapeau Aea, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against said estate, to present same to the undersigned or to Henry Smith, at his office in the Judiciary Building in Honolulu, duly authenticated with proper vouchers, whether secured by mortgage or otherwise, within six months from this date or they will be forever barred. And all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement with the undersigned.

Dated Honolulu, T. H. April 10, 1911.  
MRS. HELEN KANANI AEA,  
Administratrix of the Estate of Joseph Kapeau Aea, Deceased.

## ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

At the adjourned annual meeting of stockholders of the Mutual Telephone Company, Limited, held on Wednesday, April 15th, 1911, the following officers and directors were appointed to serve during the ensuing year:

E. F. Bishop ..... President  
J. A. Balch ..... Vice-President  
J. R. Galt ..... Treasurer  
Chas. H. Atherton ..... Secretary  
Who, with J. P. Cooke, F. Klamp, and R. A. Cooke constitute the Board of Directors.

E. OMSTED, Auditor.  
CHAS. H. ATHERTON, Secretary.

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## BURIED GOLD NUGGETS.

Buried in Idaho somewhere along the old overland trail to Oregon is a hoard of thousands of dollars of Montana gold nuggets, which some Idaho farmer may stumble across.

In the early 60s a party of about twenty men packed into Montana from Oregon prospecting for gold. Their search ended at the confluence of Poor Man's creek and McClellan creek forty-five miles west of Helena. It was late in the fall when they arrived, and, having plenty of food, they determined to remain and mine during the winter.

The members of the party were industrious, and took out gold at the rate of \$1800 a set. A set of ground can be worked out in a day by two miners, so that the Oregon men cleaned up at the rate of \$900 a day a man. Along in the following summer the placers were worked out, and the party, having amassed thousands of dollars, pulled out to return to Oregon.

Their pack train was heavily loaded, and they were compelled to travel slowly. News of their coming with the panniers filled with gold traveled ahead of them, and a party of highwaymen organized to waylay them and secure the booty. At a point along the Oregon trail in Idaho a midnight raid was made by the road agents. Every gold seeker save one was killed, and he was so badly wounded that he was left for dead.

Hastily rounding up the pack train and loading it, the bandits struck out. Shortly after they had left two prospectors came by and discovered the dead miners. The wounded man gasped out what had happened and fell back dead. Not waiting to inter the bodies, the two prospectors swiftly notified other prospectors, who lived in the vicinity, and all started after the robbers.

After trailing them two days, the pursuers caught the robbers, but the latter had cached the gold taken from the miners. All but one of the road agents were hanged on the spot and the life of one was spared on condition that he would return to the cache and divulge its location to the vigilantes. The road agent led the way quickly enough to the approximate location of the cache, and then was either unwilling or unable to reveal its precise location. The vigilantes negotiated with him nearly three weeks, and then, their patience failing, they hanged him. With the road agents perished the secret of the whereabouts of the gold.—Helena Letter to New York Sun.

## BETTER THAN A PLASTER.

For pains in the side or chest dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain. There is nothing better. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaii.

## GLIMPSSES OF GOTHAM

## The Suffragettes Of New York—The Big Circus—Stageland And What Is There To Charm Or Captivate

NEW YORK, April 1.—Many acrobats are suffragettes. Gertrude Bennett and eight others performed "How We Got the Votes," sent over by Lady Cicely Hamilton, an English dramatist, to arouse her sisters here to a fighting mood. The play says here that all the women in London went on strike against doing any labor whatsoever, from housework to stage acting, including every manner of employment by men, until equal rights at the polls were granted. Eight locked-out wives went to the ninth—who had a complaisant husband—for food and lodging until the struggle ended in victory. Suffragettes in New York are as often modish as frumpy, and it was a mixed, yet scarcely blended, audience, that saw this sober joke of a play. It was inconsequential, yet a social problem piece, and the one and only serious production of the week. This paragraph may serve as a pertinent preface, though, to three immense shows of femininity.

Men are being crowded out of the circus by women. That has been going on ever since the advent of the three-rings and two platforms. These "biggest shows on earth" are consolidated in one syndicate, you know, since Barnum, Van Amberg, Forepaugh, Bailey, the Ringlings, and the Sells died out of opposition. The country is apportioned to non-conflicting routes. The concern bearing the old Barnum-Bailey brand is beginning its season here. And it is essentially a beauty show. Women outnumber and outdo men as acrobats, equestrians, and in perilous feats up in the air. What puzzles me is the exceptional comeliness of these performers. Circus stunts have to be trained from early childhood. Are the juvenile pupils taken from families of abounding beauty? How else can the high average of this year's Barnum-Bailey outfit beauty be accounted for?

When I was a lad, the bareback riders were a few men, while women balanced unsteadily on wide pads. Here and now the three rings are occupied simultaneously by young and handsome women on naked horses. The wire walker of half a century ago was a clumsy man, who carried a balancing pole as long and heavy as Blondin used in crossing Niagara's chasm. Last night I saw the three

acrobats with each a graceful woman skipping, dancing and even flip-flapping with no more than a light umbrella to aid her poise, and one, a positively beautiful Belle Victoria, was weighted by never so much as a loose bit of drapery, yet walked the wire as though on the ground. The only wire-trotter not a beauty spot was a chubby Japanese girl, with stubby legs knotted and gnarled by muscles like an old-time ballet premiere's. Among the troupes of acrobats, too, women were more numerous than men, and the only lot not charming to look at were Japanese mites, without taper to their short limbs.

The Barnum-Bailey show has no new mechanical wonder. The strongest novelty is a variant of the usual flying trapeze acts by five Leamys, billed as sisters, whose activities last twenty minutes, with the whole space to themselves during the last five. The climax is a grouping on an apparatus of bicycles and revolving frames spectacularly illuminated while everything else is black. Here again the fact that the modern circus is a beauty show is demonstrated. No row of stage show girls in town contains five handsomer young women than these Leamys. Their heads are modish, with banded coiffures in the present fashion, and they are graceful in their undraped motions after the manner of drawing-room belles while on the ground. Up in the air, though, they turn, twist and pose to the familiar tune of "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own."

The new Winter Garden is full of feminine human buds, blossoms and blooms, with masculine plants of no comparative consequence. The gardeners had put a quarter of a million at risk before the repeatedly delayed opening. Who knows if so much will ever be taken out? A clique of millionaires convinced themselves, twenty years ago, that New York ought to have a horse mart like London's Tattersall's. So they bought ground on upper Broadway to build one on, but it was a disappointment, and the shell of the structure now contains the costliest vaudeville plant ever installed in America. However, this Winter Garden isn't a replica of the Berlin Winter Garden that tourists know for its

balcony that is a well-equipped restaurant; nor of the two Paris variety houses, where one may eat a meal and look 'twixt mouthfuls across an audience at a stage; nor yet the typical resplendent London music halls, wherein intensely modish folk occupy the parquette, while promenades are free to siren women and men-rounders, with maids behind bars. Our Winter Garden, capitalized by some of the same wealthy men who endowed the New Theater for high dramatic art, serves light refreshments in a gallery, and drinks and ices per natty maids in all parts, is practically an enormous vaudeville theater with a recklessly expensive vaudeville show.

"La Belle Paree" calls itself a play, but is meant only to loosely hold together a programme of specialties. They are shown in twelve Parisian places, from public squares to private resorts, and from ornate cafes to dingy slums. The scheme, you perceive, permits the introduction of selected American stunts, along with imported novelties. The place looked at the opening like the Metropolitan Opera-house—well, say half way. It held one moiety of ultra-modish folk, whose private motor cars made a line around three blocks; while the other moiety was made up of less affluent town-rounders; so that the women showed contrasts of tasteful modes and coarse flamboyance.

The men on the stage are so dim in the effulgence of the women that they're not worth mentioning. But the actresses are high-priced, and worth their cost. Kitty Gordon and Jean Alwyn are from London. Kitty is a beauty all over. Her face is a trifle hard, and she has been old enough for suffrage for some years, but our women agree that she has the most superlatively lovely figure that ever grew, and she is wonderfully adept at wearing fine gowns effectively. Jean is smaller and livelier. Both sing well. They are brought together in a Parisian shop of modes kept by Jean, visited by Kitty, and outfitted with a dozen show girls selected to personate models. Kitty has on a bare gown to slightly advantage, and shows other whimsical garments, including suffragette trousers, with a masculine side out and a feminine side in, the lining being lace and embroidery. She sings about clothes, too, and displays a dozen girls in evening gowns cut so low behind that—so she says—the sit on their bare backs when they take chairs. A handsomer line of models hasn't crossed a stage in a long while.

Jean Alwyn has a song about these backs, and when, at a pertinent line in her ditty, the dozen face up-stage and stand a-row, the sudden exposure of cuticle is expansive. At another time Jean has a song that isn't Scotch in tune, although it is about the "Edinboro Wriggle," and kits serve to emphasize the physical exercise that illustrates a sort of Celtic ragtime cakewalk action.

From Spain comes Tortada, an almost savagely saucy beauty of the Carmencita and Otero type, leading sixteen imitation senoritas in defiant songs and dances. Twelve tall American girls are brunetted to resemble her, and they back up her fandango in spirited duplication. From Paris is Yvette, not the French balladist, but a little fiddler who wriggles and twists like a contortionist while playing and dancing, and I wondered why a perfectly opaque, loose robe clung close to her every motion until a woman told me it was weighted along its lower edges.

That Dazle dancer who caught New York as the Girl in the Red Domino in a roof garden four years ago and later was the ballet premiere in our grand opera, is a principal in "La Belle Paree." In a cafe of bohemian revelry, she reverses the year-ago new, but already obsolete Apache dance, for as the girl in a waiting couple she, not the man, is the hypnotic spell-binder, cuddling him in her arms and kissing him as they go whirling. He likes it, but his sweetheart as surely does not, and a duel between the girls is made subsequently as picturesque an incident as ever was seen in the "Corsican Brothers." Daylight is breaking through the foliage of a forest. The antagonists, their seconds and a surgeon are girls. The encounter is a bout in fencing with rapiers, instead of the old-fashioned two up, two down and criss-cross of melodramatic sword fights. The pantomime is graceful and the beau-slayer is killed.

Among the Americans in Paris are Stella Mayhew, paired for coon songs and dialogue with Al Jensen, the negro minstrel; Ray Cox as a rustic traveler from Indiana evolving into Parisian gaiety; Barney Bernard, the Jewish humorist, with Lee Harrison to joke with, and Arthur Cunningham as an Irish Cook tourist. And, oh, yes, there are Tempest and Sunshine, small girls whom you may

know in vaudeville, but Broadway sees them now for the first time and thinks them awfully "cute and cunning" as the tempestuous boy and his sunshiny sweetheart. Several hundred thousand dollars, some of them Low Fields', are at risk in the Winter Garden.

"The Pink Lady," is beautifully, humorously, artistically wicked. It originated in a prose farce that exploited the Parisian news nonsense of a raty, a love-madman who lay in wait in the park woods of the Bois de Boulogne, seized unwary girls, as the horned and hoofed human monsters did in olden traditions, and kissed them dreadfully.

## NEWS TO HER.

"Are you not glad to set foot on terra firma?" asked a lady of an old friend who had just landed from an American liner.

"Terra firma?" was the response. "Dear me! I thought this was Queens-town!"—Tilt-Bits.

Fine Job Printing, Star Office.

**PROPOSALS FOR FUEL, OILS, FORAGE AND BEDDING.**—Honolulu, H. T., April 15, 1911. Sealed proposals will be received here until 9:00 A. M., May 15, 1911, for furnishing, during the fiscal year commencing July 1, 1911, fuel, oils, forage and bedding for posts and stations in the Department of California. See Section 3716 Revised Statutes. Information furnished on application to the undersigned.  
M. N. FALLS,  
Captain, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, A. Q. M. U. S. A., Depot Quartermaster, April 20, 21, 22, 24, May 12, 13.

**PROPOSALS FOR MISCELLANEOUS SERVICES.** Office of the Depot Quartermaster, Honolulu, H. T., April 18, 1911. SEALED proposals in triplicate will be received at this office until 10 A. M., May 18, 1911, and then opened for the following services during fiscal year beginning July 1, 1911, and ending June 30, 1912: Coaling transports; discharging, hauling and piling coal from transports on pile or scow or wharf; discharging freight from transports or other vessels; laundry work for transports; laundering towels for offices; furnishing ice to offices and corral; hauling freight from docks to Forts and stations in the vicinity of Honolulu; printing for District Headquarters and Quartermaster's Departments. For blank proposals and further information apply to M. N. Falls, Captain 28th Inf., Acting Quartermaster, Depot Quartermaster, 6C—Apr 19-20-21-22 May 16-17.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

**Mutual Telephone Co., Ltd.**  
Beginning May 1st, 1911, a switching charge of 10 cents per switch will be made for every message completed between the Main Exchange in Honolulu and all telephones connected with the Waipahu Branch Exchange; such charge to be collectable from the subscriber from whole telephone call is made.

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